



Novemb: 1720. GREAT BRITAINS TRIUMPH

A Poem on his Majesty's Return, by the Reverend M<sup>r</sup>. Archdeacon DANIEL.

BRITAIN arise, in all your Glory smile,  
Your King returns to bless his fav'rite Ile,  
Kind Heav'n w<sup>ch</sup> law th' indulgent Mother's pain,  
Has giv'n the Monarch to your Arms again;  
Still may you boast of such a Hero's Name,  
And deathless as his Virtue fix his Fame.  
What tributary Thanks, great Sir, are due?  
Thanks are too poor from us when paid to You,  
To You, from whom our choicest Blessings come,  
Honour abroad, and Liberty at home.  
When frightfull Slav'ry shook his iron Chain,  
And Giant like stood fullen o'er the Plain,  
*Britannia* mourn'd her lost degen'rate Race,  
And a dead pale o'er-spread the Matron's Face;  
But when she saw her HANOVER arise,  
New Joy leap'd up, and sparkled in her Eyes,  
Lightly she gave her Sorrows to the Wind,  
And cast the burthen of her Grievs behind.

So-struck w<sup>th</sup> terror flood the trembling Fair,  
When rolling thro' y<sup>e</sup> deep she saw y<sup>e</sup> Monster near,  
Short, & more short, her parting Breath she drew,  
Whilst from her Cheeks the shifting Colours flew  
Till the brave Youth shot swiftly to her Aid,  
Her *Perseus*, who with joy the Foe survey'd,  
Victorious sav'd, and won the shining Maid,  
Let abject Minds in borrowed Honours Shine  
And boast a vain Hereditary Line,  
Condemn'd to move ridiculously Great,  
Or Reign the royal Grievances of State,  
Your manlier Glories from your Virtue spring:  
Virtue w<sup>ch</sup> form'd, and meant You for a King;  
'Tis theirs to take their Lustre from a Throne,  
'Tis Yours to merit, and adorn a Crown.

Had thus the mighty *Cesar* purchas'd Fame,  
And lay'd the Basis of the *Julian* Name,  
Had he, like You, been courted to a Throne,  
And made his meanest Subjects griefs his own;

His much lov'd Friend had ne'er his Pow'r w<sup>th</sup> stood,  
Nor drench'd his Dagger in the Patriots blood;  
The noble *Brutus* had a Supplyant come,  
And own'd y<sup>e</sup> guardian God of Liberty & Rome.

A visionary Scene your BRITAIN charms,  
And y<sup>e</sup> lov'd thought her glowing Fancy warms,  
In You she sees her godlike Heroes rise,  
Majestick Forms which glitter in her Eyes;  
Her *Edwards* and her *Henries* tread the Plain,  
She hears the Thunder of their Arms again;  
Evn glorious NASSAU she laments no more,  
But finds in GEORGE what Will<sup>m</sup> was before.

The *Allions* peace employs y<sup>e</sup> tenderest Care,  
Remotest Realms your happy Influence share,  
To calm the jarring World to Thee is giv'n,  
To Thee, thou awfull Delegate of Heav'n,  
Greatly intent, You scorn inglorious rest,  
Whilst *Europe's* Fate lies struggling in y<sup>e</sup> Breast,  
Her good, her safety all your Thoughts controul,  
And claim the noblest effort of your Soul;  
Resolv'd to set her injured Nations free,  
And make them taste y<sup>e</sup> Joys of godlike Liberty.

Long had destructive War with rage oppress  
The northern Pow'rs, & laid their Kingdoms waste,  
There y<sup>e</sup> rough *Swede* repell'd invasive Arms,  
Danger he fought, and sported with Alarms,  
To dire Revenge gave up his country's Good,  
And rush'd upon his Foes thro' Seas of Blood;  
Whilst here the hardy *Russian* scours y<sup>e</sup> field,  
And triumphs o'er a Chief too fierce to yield:  
Dear bought the Fame, and poor is the return,  
Which makes y<sup>e</sup> vanquish'd & the Victor mourn.  
Your healing Pity bid their Fury cease,  
And spake the angry Monarchs into Peace,  
Sullen they seem'd to part & Proud to shew  
They scorn'd to stoop to ought but Heav'n, & You

Thus when of old contending Hosts engag'd,  
And all the fury of the Battel rag'd,  
Should *Jove* proclaim his awfull Presence nigh,  
And in loud Thunder roll along the Sky,  
They drop their lifted Swords, his Voice obey,  
And undecided leave the fortune of the Day.

Count now your Gains, & triumph if you can,  
Ye poor Remains of the *Immortal Man*;  
No more of purchas'd Towns and Conquest boast,  
O greatly Glorious at your Subjects cost,  
Stupid and fix'd your mournfull Peasants stand,  
Viewing with watry Eyes th' uncultivated Land;  
Proudly elate a second *Dunkirk* rose,  
Whose ruin buys the Friendship of your Foes,  
The *Gallick* Genius scares the World no more,  
Trembling and hush'd it listens at the Shoar,  
And fears to hear the *British* Lion roar.

Hail, bright *Augusta*, to the distant View  
With Banners crown'd thy pompous Turrets shew,  
Wanton and gay the flowing Beauties spread,  
High o'er the subject World erect thy Head,  
Whilst guilty Faction shuns the Hero's sight,  
Grows faint, and sickens at superior Light.  
Do thou with Joy thy royal Master greet,  
And pay thy willing Homage at his Feet,  
Confess the Hand from w<sup>ch</sup> thy safety springs  
And bless y<sup>e</sup> best of Men, & best of KINGS.

So when the mighty *Constantine* return'd,  
To his lov'd City which his Absence mourn'd;  
Swifter than Winds his eager *Romans* ran  
To hail their Chief, & view y<sup>e</sup> wondrous Man;  
Admiring Crowds upon the Object hung,  
And the proud Scene with Acclamations rung

Sold by J. Clark Engraver, in Castle Yard in  
Holborn near Chancery Lane, & 4 Printers.

To their ROYAL HIGHNESSES

this Plate is most



the young PRINCESSES,

Humbly Inscrib'd.